

They saw and felt the pain
Of the babies and their mothers
They felted the death of baby souls
But they did not fight back

The membership
Of the church of god in Cambridge Maryland
Felt their own approaching death
And the death of their church
For their souls had turn evil
Like the preachers that kill
The souls of their babies

Today the young are trying to rebuild the church
After the Preachers wife killed herself
But the old ones are still there

Barry Wyatt Jr.
My songs are my prayers
Linking my songs together creates stories